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Ms. A. 1. 1 v. 9, p. 11A







Thompson's church, on being introduced to me by  
Mr. Houghton, occupied my time by giving me  
a very interesting ~~bio~~ auto-biography of himself,  
in connection with other matters. He had his  
family with him, on their way to Florida via  
Washington, hoping a change of climate might  
prove beneficial to his invalid daughter.  
After that, to the end of our journey, Mr. H. and  
I enjoyed our tete-a-tete without interrup-  
tion. Speaking of marriage, he expressed the  
hope that both Mr. Mifflin and yourself would,  
ere long, find desirable partners; and he  
had been led to suspect - not so recently as  
some time back - in your case, that something  
of the kind was in embryo by observing the  
receipt of letters from Philadelphia, evidently  
in the handwriting of a young lady! I sim-  
ply told him that you had not entered into any  
engagement with any one, and that the world  
was still before you "where to choose, and  
Providence your guide."



On arriving at the Westminster Hotel—  
half past 5, P. M. — I had a rapturous greeting  
by Helen, Harold and Oswald, and a loving one  
from Fanny. The rooms they occupy on the 5th  
story are exceedingly pleasant, and command a  
magnificent outlook across the city, the East  
River, and Brooklyn; but all going up and  
down stairs is saved by the elevator. The  
hotel is a very nice one, and prices are pro-  
portionate. For board and rooms, Fanny said  
Harvey would have to pay not less than \$12.50  
per week. Then think of clothing, washing, and  
other expenses!

Yesterday I sauntered up and down  
Broadway, with Fanny, a long distance, looking  
at the beautiful shop-windows, and then called  
at Mrs. Savin's, only leaving our cards, as she  
was not at home. She returned the call in the  
evening, accompanied by Mr. James B. Rich-  
ards and his son, and we had a pleasant inter-  
view. Rev. Charles B. Ray, a colored minister  
early connected with the anti-slavery cause,



also made me a visit; as did a son of Dr.  
D. S. Grandin, who informed me that he did  
some writing for the New York Times, and was  
preparing an article for that paper in regard to the  
Boston pro-slavery mob of 1835. A reporter, at-  
tached to the New York Herald, sent up his card,  
his object being to "interview" me on the state  
of the country, but I declined seeing him. In  
the afternoon Wendell called, for a few minutes,  
but I was then lying down, and neither he nor  
Fanny was inclined to apprise me of the fact,  
and so I failed to see him. Several albums  
were sent, during the day and evening, for my  
autograph! Then a young girl brought me a <sup>cabinet</sup> ~~card~~  
photograph of myself—the one taken some time  
ago by Warren—colored, by a female artist, residing  
in Orange, N. J., and framed, and wishing me to  
send her five dollars for the same! Of course,  
I did no such thing. It was very cool.

This evening Fanny is going with me to  
Steinway Hall, to hear a marvellous Russian  
female pianist, a rival of Rubenstein and von  
Bulow.

Your loving Father.